

# THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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## THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

When utter darkness decks my weary mind,  
The Blood of Jesus is my only light;  
When to my Home the path I cannot find,  
It is my guide up to the starry height.  
When rages like a storm life's bitter fight  
The Blood of Jesus gives me victory;  
When I in bondage lie 'tis my delight  
It calms the throbbing pulse—it makes me free.

The earth which men with sinful feet have trod  
And still are treading, drank the Sacred Blood  
Of Jesus Christ, Son of the living God,  
Who shed this plenteous, world-redeeming flood.  
O precious Blood, be thou my life and good!  
Be thou eternally my only good!

XAVIER J. JAEGER, '03



## IS CUBAN INDEPENDENCE PREFERABLE TO ANNEXATION?

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Freedom and independence! What a music there is in these words for men of the present generation! The schoolboy and the adult, the home-ruled and the colonist are equally desirous to lighten or if possible to reject the yoke of subservience. Cuba, the queen of the Antilles, has just carried off the prize of liberty from a long and bloody struggle against her foreign master. In the joy of her triumph, however, she is already thrown into some apprehension, lest her giant neighbor take from her the recompense of a successful revolution. The deed would be both unjust and ungenerous. But will the commonwealth be the paradise as portrayed in the minds of the Cubans? Or would not her voluntary union with our republic give assurance of greater blessings?

Destined to assume an inferior rank among nations by reason of her geographical limits, she cannot avoid the danger of external complications by severing connections with other countries. The very attempt at national isolation by debarring strangers from her shores might doom her to ruin just as the persistent effort of the Boers to keep aloof British traders and speculators has resulted in the downfall of two promising republics. The nature of Cuban agricultural products, moreover, does not permit of isolation. Her soil produces luxuries which she must barter for necessities. She is therefore, obliged to maintain intercourse with states surpassing her in strength and almost uniformly characterized by supreme selfishness and insatiable greed for land and money. At present her population amounts to one million six-

hundred thousand. The boundaries set by nature will not allow of an increase to more than double this number. Hence a formidable army, the only safe-guard against infringement upon her rights, she cannot either raise or support. The murder of a merchant, or the spoliation of a cargo, the crimes of individuals which seldom imply the guilt of the entire nation, will be followed by demands for exorbitant restitution and, in case of non-compliance, by men-of-war. Such was a few years ago the actual procedure of Germany against Cuba.

The little Cuban republic is not merely liable to haughty oppression, but she may justly apprehend still greater evils. Nowhere do we find Darwin's principle of the survival of the fittest so sternly realized as with regard to nations. The strongest of them eagerly seize upon every opportunity for subjecting their weaker neighbors to a beneficent process of assimilation. Scores of minor states upon the European continent and principally in the Italian peninsula have ceased to exist, during the past century. The once famous republic of Venice now only lives in history. Poland and Hanover, Lombardy and the States of the Church have fallen a prey to greedy conquerors. Bulgaria is in the iron grip of Russia awaiting the last hour of her national existence. Two brave republics have just succumbed under the grape-shot of unscrupulous expansionists. The number of states with a population from three to ten millions is rapidly approaching zero. Can Cuba expect a better fate? Or will she not more than the rest of minor countries incite the land hunger of voracious conquerors by reason of the immense fertility of her soil?

Nor can Cuba hope for protection from the United States, not even on the supposition that friendship now exists between these countries.



History does not furnish a single example of enduring national friendship. Unlike that of individuals it has always been freaky and short-lived. Our own country had to undergo the sad experience of seeing her shores invested by a hostile fleet coming from the land which eighteen years ago had given such generous assistance to the cause of the patriots.

The existence of the Cuban republic is not only endangered from without; her interior conditions, too, predict a reign of disorder and anarchy and even a speedy dissolution. The new state is reared on a republican foundation. Notwithstanding the fact, that all the leading forms of government among civilized nations are good, not every one is suited to the genius and disposition of a particular people. The extensive power which in a democracy rests with the masses is a ruinous weapon in the hands of a southern people, who in consequence of their hot blood and fiery temper are an incessant prey to rashness and agitation. France, the terror of Europe under a powerful monarch, trembles for her own existence under the fanaticism and factional disputes that thrive there under democratic rule. All the republics established in the colonies that have renounced their allegiance to Spain are deplorably suffering from civil dissensions. Within half a century the temporary supremacy of contending parties in the republic of Mexico has led to the successive adoption and rejection of eight constitutions. During the same period twenty revolutions and fifty pronunciamientos or proclamations of insurrectionist leaders have been a bane to progress and religion. The five republics of Central America tremble less from the seismic convulsions of their numerous volcanoes than from their periodic mutinies and revolts. The Cubans are of the same descent.

They possess the same impulsive temperament. This similarity of disposition, no less than the stigma of insurrection with which seventy years of almost uninterrupted rebellion have branded them, would forebode a state of affairs as deplorable as that which prevails among their neighbors on the continent.

In the case of Cuba, however, an additional circumstance precludes the hope of a successful democracy. One third of her population consists of negroes. Emancipation has made them full-fledged citizens with the same rights as their previous masters. There is reason to believe that ere long they will also equal the latter in numerical strength; for in a favorable climate such as the Cuban, negroes propagate far more rapidly than white men. The mutual antipathy between the sons of Cham and those of Japhet, wherever they meet as equals is proverbial. The many riots in our southern states, the perpetual feuds in the republic of Hayti and, to revert to history, the protracted struggle between the Spanish and the Moors are sufficient evidence of their implacable aversion. In the United States racial outbursts are restricted to bloody frays and scandalous lynching. Further developments are impossible on account of the overwhelming force of the white population. In Cuba numerical inferiority cannot restrain the colored element from avenging every injury real or imaginary, and since there is no overruling power to suppress an uprising of either party, the island is destined to be a theatre of racial contentions and civil wars.

Apart from this social danger, the union of the two races into one republic is a political obstacle to healthful progress. Unity of purpose is an essential requisite to success in a political society. Yet how widely do not the two elements

differ in their respective aims?" "Progress" is the watchword of the Spanish Cuban. The promotion of commerce, industry, and agriculture are among his dearest interests. He will spare no pains to create facilities of intercourse and to procure opportunities for universal education. The negro, on the other hand, is remarkably non-progressive. He is fond of indolence and has no desire to encompass such lofty ends. A cot, quantitative sufficiency of food, and a few rustic pleasures limit the sphere of his earthly aspirations. Hence, he will be averse to the exertions and sacrifices required for executing the noble schemes of his white fellow-citizen. He will oppose them, and his strong representation in the legislative body guarantees for successful opposition. What a bitter mortification must it not be to the high-souled Spanish Cuban, that the mere odds of opposing numbers for ever hampers him in his endeavors to equal other nations in the race to material and intellectual perfection.

Autocracy, then, cannot realize the Cubans' cherished dreams of peace, liberty, and prosperity. They may to a great extent insure the realization of their hopes by a free consent to be incorporated into the United States. Under the ensigns of the great republic all the dread phantoms of humiliation and oppression on the part of the leading powers, of partition or re-conversion into a colony of some distant monarchy, would vanish from her vision of the future. Factional broils and racial strifes will be repressed by the armies of our country before civil wars can saturate her soil with blood. The freedom of Cuba, as a member of our Union, might at first be limited to the rights of a territory; but within a brief time her population would have increased sufficiently to add a new star to our flag. The constitution of the United



States provides for civil liberty at least as comprehensive as that of Cuba; the latter is modelled after our own and agrees with it in essentials. Nor need the fact, that the Cubans are not of the Anglo-Saxon race, give rise to fears, lest they be not admitted to a full share in the rights of American citizens. No congressman ever attempted to discriminate against the Texans since their admission into the Union, although the majority were of Spanish descent. So, too, Louisiana, which has been peopled by the French, has from the day of her reception been favored by Uncle Sam as much as her sister states.

Annexation would likewise be greatly in the interests of Cuba from an economic and commercial point of view. Her chief agricultural products are sugar and tobacco. The latter has only a scanty sale in Europe on account of unusually high tariffs and because the crop of almost every country supplies the needs of its fumigating citizens. Cuban cane sugar is almost completely debarred from all the European markets since the large beet-sugar countries of Europe are now producing far in excess of their own requirements. Her shipments are in consequence directed to the United States and the mart of New York receives nearly the entire crop of Cuban sugar. Our government, however, to protect her own planters has hitherto exacted the enormous duty of \$168.50 upon \$375, the average price per ten thousand pounds. A short time ago, Congress has, indeed, granted a reduction of twenty per cent; but after subtracting the charges for lighterage, storage, and shipment, the remainder still amounts to hardly more than half the net proceeds with which the Louisiana planter returns from the New York market. The right to free-trade which will be extended to Cuba in case of her consent to annexation will, therefore,

double the price of her sugar. This commercial advantage can scarcely be overestimated, if we consider that at present Cuba is on the verge of national bankruptcy, two thirds of the island's property being in the hands of foreigners either by direct ownership, through open accounts, or mortgages. Free-trade would produce the same beneficial effects in the sale of tobacco.

From a religious point of view a choice between annexation and independence is an alternative between two evils of which the latter seems by far the greater. In either case there will be a separation of Church and state. American Catholics are, indeed, subject to unjust taxation and not a few acts of Congress are a detriment to Catholicity. Nevertheless, the situation of the Church in America becomes enviable on a comparative view. Nowhere does the Church possess equal liberty to erect schools and houses of prayer. Religious orders not only enjoy the privilege of undiscriminating toleration, but they are most numerous and flourishing. In no other country are bishops and priests so little hampered in the exercise of their authority. The majority of republican leaders in Cuba are avowed free-masons; and none of their sect are more notorious for hateful antagonism against the Church than those who are deserters from her flock. The country has been completely impoverished through continual wars and the somewhat avaricious policy of Spain. The builders of the Cuban republic are in sorest need of financial aid. It were a miracle of mercy if in such an emergency these infidels did not imitate the two architects of nations, Bismark and king Humbert, and rob the Church of her property and sacred treasures. Hence, even from a religious consideration, annexation is preferable to independence.



Liberty without the strength to defend it is not deserving of the name. An insular democracy cannot secure this protection. The junction of Cuba with our Union would not only impart to her people a political freedom equal if not superior to that which they may reasonably expect from self-government, but it would bring security against internal feuds and external attacks; it would guarantee for peace, which is the mother of art, literature and general progress.

SYLVESTER HARTMAN, '02.

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TO MY FRIENDS IN VACATION.

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The blithe vacation-days are come,  
With all their merriment;  
Let all the school-books now at home,  
And leave the narrow tent.

Now rove thro' woods and o'er the fields  
And seek the babbling brook;  
Your heart to Nature's chantment yields,  
Joy nods from every nook.

And every tree breaths forth his joys,  
And every bird is glad;  
How happy feels the sprightly boy!  
You never see him sad.

He hunts for life's bright butterflies,  
His soul is full of song:  
As Time goes on shrewd Fortune tries  
His heart, his eye, his tongue.

O let the little ones rejoice,  
Short are their merry days;  
We all one day were lively boys,  
And roses decked our ways.

But now we feel the bitter thorn,  
Since leaf and beauty fled,  
Our heart is sore, our feet are torn,  
And crosses are our bed.

X. J. '03.

CLASS POEM.

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Ecstatic joy reigns in a heart,  
When lofty aims it has attained.  
Such is to-day our glorious part;  
For Heaven's council hath ordained,  
That we should triumph with delight,  
As does the day, when leaves the night.

As yet a child within our souls  
A mystic plant began to grow,  
That now in vernal joy unrolls  
The blossom of its embryo.  
To rear the plant we hither sped,  
And ev'ry worldly pleasure fled.

Delight Edenic and supreme  
Now thrills the hearts, who spent their days  
In sacrifice with loving mien,  
To arm us for life's slipp'ry ways.  
Immortal honor we will pay  
To you kind Fathers now and aye.

The genial beaming of our eyes  
Reveals what language never tells,  
Our cheeks to rosy tincture rise,  
Our heaving bosom higher swells;  
Since we the palm of victory  
Have gained for truth by honesty.

The envied prize of classic lore,  
And solid virtue to obtain,  
All things as naught we ever bore  
Though oft we could not but complain.  
'Twas then exclaimed a voice within:  
"Be brave! thou shalt the laurel win!"

In present days there is no use  
For men of soft and tender cast;  
But iron will and lofty muse,  
Who spurn Ambition's baneful blast,  
Who 'mid affronts and scorn malign  
Uplift their hearts to things divine.

Unshaken by the magic power  
Of Sin's enchanting syren song,  
We snatch in might the fleeting hour  
And smile upon the worldly throng.  
Sincere let e'er us strive to be,  
For this alone can make us free.

In glittering phrase their thoughts express,  
Who fear to wield the active sword.  
In cruising life let us confess  
A hero's part in deed and word,  
As Knights of Malta—heroes famed  
Who fought and bled, though weak and maimed.

But now we're cast upon a sea  
Of raging, wild, foam-crested waves,  
Where Aeolus reigns at liberty,  
And Death comes forth from Neptune's graves.  
Who dare to cope with foes like these,  
When Hope from earth to Heaven flees?

All praise on high to powers divine  
Who singled us and gave a guide,  
Upon the wide, tumultuous brine,  
Our Saviour holds his banner wide:  
"My son, if you will follow me,  
I, truth itself, thy path will be."

The sporting waves his feet embrace,  
His head adorns the sky above,  
His heart emits a myriad rays—  
A sun of all consuming love.  
Shall we not heed his guiding voice?  
Or else to phantoms leave a choice?

It is not ours to separate,  
Beloved class of nineteen-two,  
The tangled skein of future fate;  
Howe'er our friendship pure and true,  
Shall not be rent by space or time,  
Until we land in Heaven's clime.

SEBASTIAN J. KREMER '02.



VINCIT QUI PATITUR.

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## CLASS ORATION.

THE time has now arrived that we should begin the journey to which the law of order obliges us, duty incites us, and affection calls us. Guided in the past by the prudent and affectionate hand of "Alma Mater" fair, the royal road to success has at length been entered, and, now looms up before us like a grand and endless vista, traversing an undiscovered world. At first our progress in common with all experience will be smooth and easy, but ere the end is reached the snares of numerous dangers must be frustrated, our inexperience will be assaulted, and afflictions will lay a test on our courage. Yet the word "success" has a charm for the ear of the aspiring youth, which steels his nerves in defiance of peril, and arrays the powers of his dauntless soul in opposition to every difficulty. Vigilance on his part must be incessant to evade successfully the embarrassments of frivolity and fickleness, two evils which in our days give youth much to regret, and then to apply the hard emery of endurance to that ornamental gem of perfect manhood, which of itself is the image of dignity in human nature, the gem of a solid and well formulated character, for it alone is a sure guarantee of victory in the battles of life.

Observation tells of young men in scores who are worn down by grief, and are being consumed by a feeble mixture of peevishness and jealousy because they want the solace of great thoughts, and that heorism of spirit which alone is singular to character. They are as men appearing on the margin of this green world, destitute of principle, who survey with listless gaze both good and evil

without aiding in the advancement of either. Their thoughts feed on the vagaries of the hour, amusements absorb their actions, and the genial faculties of their souls are chilled by penury, till at last like sylphs of the seasons, they pass from the stage of life in thousands, neglected and forgotten, because they did not a particle of good to society; none were blessed by them; none could point to them as instruments of their fortune; not a word worthy of recollection escaped their lips, and thus their light died away in darkness, no more remembered than the ephemeral insects of yesterday.

Is it thus you will live and die; classmates of nineteen-two? Will that resolute motto as chosen by yourselves but a few days ago to be the exponent of all your duties throughout life, bend, break and perish in the tempests of passion before it has developed sufficient strength to support the infirmity of age? Can it be possible that reproach so vile should justly destine you to the ranks of those strange and half-sighted creatures, whose names fade from the memory of time and lie buried under the ruins of conceits and self-delusions? You need but question yourselves whether or not you will endure?

If we will but momentarily contemplate the double principle of action combined in man, reason will evidently assist in keeping our doings by a wise selection from those that are pernicious and in carefully suppressing the remainder that are useless; thus obviating many obstacles to success. The first as we have just described is a principle without energy wanting in noble ambition that dares to raise neither head nor heart above the dust; the other is intelligent, active, lofty in thought, elevated and noble in desire and subject to the rule of common sense. The universal experience of mankind and the dreary confessions of

the pussilanimous and the wayward unite in warning us against the evils of the former and declare advantage and fortune alone in favor of the latter. Hence it is of paramount importance to each man if he wishes to maintain the cause for which he was sent into this world that he inure himself by strenuous practice to the mild sway of reason. For, building upon this firm portion of his soul is laying a foundation of stone for the edifice of fame in later life. Similar convictions must frequently have urged themselves upon those who long before our time have passed through the golden gates of perfection and steered clear through vicissitudes to the port of prosperity. To them it is not unknown how hard the path is to pursue, how steep to climb, on the further side of those golden gates, how often on the journey faith and hope burn dimly and temptations are strong to doubt whether an ideal is not indeed anything more than a phantom exhalation, taking shape in the glorious morning light, only to vanish when the work-day sun has risen fairly above the horizon and dispersed the colored mists. Let all therefore who wish to travel securely turn to them for advice and bow to the warning hand of age, for mature counsel often makes endurance easy and facilitates success. Again in them we behold living examples of intrepid courage who resolutely kept doubts and distrusts at arm's length, though sadly conscious of weary lengths of way, of gulfs and chasms, of toils and sufferings more easily imagined than described. Such we should strive to be in glorious imitation of their virtue that in the end we may manage to become the men God means us to be and endurance sided by our holy religion have contrived to make us. In the close I charge you all, fellow-classmates, that as you would do good work in the world to take your



stand fearlessly on the side of truth and justice for he who sustains a worthy cause will endure to success if he will implore grace from God, and success once achieved he has conquered as I fondly hope and wish that all of you will; in loyal faith to Him Who in providence worketh out the destinies of men from above.

MEINRAD B. KOESTER, '02

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THE FOURTH OF JULY.

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What light is illuming the horizon so fair?  
What thunderings are shaking the wakening air?  
The morning of freedom is beaming on high—  
The cannon are booming, and ring out the joy: .  
Today is the fourth of July!

O tell me, why shine all the faces so glad?  
No man is complaining—no citizen sad?  
Behold our star-spangled banner on high!  
This banner of freedom all storms will defy.  
Today is the fourth of July!

We joy in our freedom arisen to-day,  
New-born in its glory, with orient ray;  
Yes! Freedom is waving our emblem on high—  
The red, and the white, and the stars in the sky.  
Today is the forth of July!

In freedom is ringing our patriot voice;  
For freedom 's the child of our exquisite choice.  
In freedom we drown our anguish and sigh,  
Beholding the banner of freedom on high.  
Today is the fourth of July!

X. JAEGER, '03.



VALEDICTORY.

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*Rt. Rev. Bishop, Very Rev. and Rev. Fathers, dear Relatives, kind Friends, Fellow students and Class-mates:—*

'Twas a keen observation, and true, of Bishop Spalding's, when he said that the highest joy is serious. This fact is probably for the first time, brought home to the class of '02. Barring the day of our First Holy Communion, point out to us if you can a day richer and more lavish in genuine joy and pleasure than to-day. The joy of this day will contrast with the gloomy cares and sorrows of our life, as the beautiful rainbow, resplendent and magnificent against its dark and leaden background of stormy clouds. Think of our years of constant study and rigid application, of drudgery, cares, anxieties, fears, hopes and failures. Joy is genuine they say only when it comes unbidden. But to-day that is not true. The joy of this day has been the object of our desires and labors, the phantoms of our dreams; it has haunted our soul in all its workings. We saw it between the lines of our Cicero and Horace, of Xenophon and Homer, in triangles and logarithms, — yea, it was in our heart's prayer, as night after night our tired fingers slipped from the "Pater" to the "Aves" and thence to the "Gloria".

This day and its triumphs we look upon as a gift from a paternal Creator who sees fit to cheer, solace and encourage his weak and benighted creatures, that they may take up with a brave and hopeful spirit the greater and weightier burdens that await the shoulders of each of us. Ours is not a joy, therefore, that distorts the face with frivolous laughter, but a feeling that makes the lips quiver with emotion and wells up tears to the

eyes. Here it is that we experience a certain seriousness in our gladness. That tinge of sadness springs from more than one source. We are now at the end of a beaten path. We pause. Before us lie other paths in great number and of various kinds. One of these we are to tread. But first we loiter to say farewell to old friends and memories. Memories, did I say? No, we can't say farewell to memories. The memories that float before our eyes this day are two sweet and vivid to be forgotten. Away, away in the distance in the misty lines of the path we are about to leave, we see a cozy home. Inside, within a wicker cradle lies a little one with a chubby face all aglow with the life of a newly-created soul. As the years roll by the child leaves the cradle. Then our memory pictures a slight figure, clad in a white flowing gown, kneeling at a mother's knee. His little hands are clasped in night prayer as he learns from his mother's lips to commune with his Creator. "O, my God, I thank thee for thy goodness to me this day. Bless my papa and mamma and guide my feet in the path of virtue." Gentle hands place him under cover and he drops into the sleep of innocence. Then we see that mother drop softly upon her knees beside her sleeping boy and with his tender little hands within her own, she prays, as only a mother can pray, that God may bless her son and strengthen her hand to guide him in ways of holiness and sanctity. O, my friends, no one in the whole world knows the thoughts, prayers and aspirations of a mother's heart, as in the evening's twilight she stoops to kiss for the last time that day the little fingers of her boy — fingers that someday might touch and fondle her Creator.

Now we behold our little lad advancing into boyhood and the next milestone he reaches is that



great day of grace — the day of his First Holy Communion. O, on such a day he is supremely happy and yet he does not romp and play. No! he is quiet and meditative. He knows that he then feels a degree of happiness that will never again be equaled till he meets his Maker face to face. Then comes the day of Holy Confirmation when he is made strong and courageous in the service of his Master. Now we see him entering the Elysian gardens of youth — that period of his life that approaches most nearly to Paradise. But the beautiful walks, groves, flower beds and pleasant scenes are so many filmy coverings of foul pits and quagmires, that threaten the ruin of his soul and body. Amid all these beautiful environments, he, in his beauty and strength, and youth, trips and falls repeatedly, — indeed a most pitiful sight. Here it is that a father's strong will and manly advice come to supplement a mother's prayers and kindness. Then does he look to his father's firm but affectionate hand, his greater experience and matured piety to lead him in solid paths. Then too, the strength and hopefulness of his Master's teachings, makes him fight a brave and strenuous fight, one that develops the spark of divinity within him. In the midst of his struggle we see him leave the cheerful and helpful atmosphere of the family circles and enter the vaster circle — that of men noted for wisdom and knowledge. How his young soul thirsts and pants for the wisdom of soothsayers, prophets and philosophers. As he clasps the good father and fond mother, kind brother and sister to his breast, his young heart experiences for the first time the sadness of such a farewell. Then his father and mother with tearful eyes give him to his Alma Mater, as we give a jewel to a jeweler asking him to cut, grind and polish till our jewel is returned

to us bright and dazzling, its value increased a hundred fold by an artistically wrought setting.

On through the years of his college course our youth goes, buffeted by difficulties and discouragements that bring out the man within him and put power of mind, soul and body within his possession. At last we behold him where you see us to-day, finished with his first great task and triumphant, ready to assume the duties and responsibilities of a man. These duties and responsibilities it is not our pleasure to assume within college walls. The present duty is always the greatest, and our present duty calls us to leave for other tasks, other fields of labor. Would that we could remain! ! But we can't, and for the second time we are to experience the feeling of sadness and homesickness that always accompanies the parting of parent and son, friend and friend, teacher and pupil.

First we turn to her who was to us in our youthful years, what our own good mother was in our childhood days. Our Alma Mater has finished her mission with us and we now step before the world that it may bear testimony of the soundness and thoroughness of her work. Like nurslings we have from day to day, yea, from hour to hour, absorbed and drunk deeply of the wisdom and knowledge that courses in her veins. In a way we are blood of her blood, flesh of her flesh and we stand before the world today proud of the fact. Our love of her and the principles she inculcates shall find expression in our whole manner of living and doing. "Upon our knees, O, Alma Mater, we beg of thee thy maternal blessing. Before we part from thee we promise that no word, deed, or action of ours shall ever cause the world to point at thee with the finger of scorn and derision. May God's richest blessing crown thy work. O, good St. Joseph's, fare thee well!"



From our Alma Mater we turn and reach forth for the final hand clasp to those thirteen men, who have been to us more than friends, more than benefactors, more than teachers. They have been as a father to us. Think of all the kindness, self-sacrifice, earnestness, strength, inspiration, helpfulness and solid piety expressed in the one word "father". Alma Mater took the place of our mother; you, O, good Fathers, have taken that of our father. In the capacity of professors you have labored day and night for our mental improvement; In the capacity of priests you have been our guides, our advisers, our models. What confidence, what faith, trust, hope, love, and enthusiasm does not a college boy show forth in his countenance when he speaks of his professors. It is in the relation of advisers, O, Fathers of St. Joseph's that we most love to think of you. Then too, in every day life, you were constantly before us as our models. In the class-room you taught us to use and cultivate our powers of observation, reason, and memory. So we soon came to observe your many, many acts of kindness, self-sacrifice and of love. You have taught us to converse, to compose, to compute but more than all you have taught us to be manly and to love virtue. We stand before you now not so much your friends, not so much your disciples, not so much, I might say, your sons, as above all your debtors. And we want to thank you — but we can't do it. Words, tears, could not express our feelings towards you at this moment. But we will show our gratitude according to principles learned from your lips. We shall be grateful not by winning fame and honor, but by leading a life of true piety, nobleness, self-sacrifice, such as you have taught us to love and admire. Our gratitude is of that stamp and calibre, that, when we return to St. Joseph's



in future years with whitened hair and feeble steps, and hand clasps hand, and eye meets eye, your soul will tell you, "He is grateful". O, good Fathers, farewell!

Farewell to you, our fellow students. You have been our constant companions in recreation and labor. To you we have always looked for encouragement in all our undertakings, and, we are glad to say, you always gave it. We beg of you not to banish us mercilessly from your memory, but to remember us occasionally during the few years you have yet to spend with your Alma Mater. What ever of triumph and success may be ours in future years we shall always take pleasure in sharing with you. The class of '02 as a parting memento, says to you in the words of the apostle, "Love one another," and we add, "Love your Alma Mater. An act of kindness and self-sacrifice performed for her will return to you with interest a thousand fold." And now, my class-mates, we turn to bid each other a last farewell. We have spent years of labor together and today we share each others' success and triumph. But this day is but a breathing spell in our strenuous labors. Henceforth we turn our faces in different directions. Some aim at commercial triumph, some step from the class room to the school room, some indeed aspire to the Holy Priesthood. But whatever our choice let us remember that all callings are from God and in so far honorable. You who will be successful business men use your material gain to provide bodily comforts for the poor and needy, — you who will be teachers strive to elevate and refine the thoughts of those little ones entrusted to your care, — you who will be priests devote your whole life to the works of penance of mediation and forgiveness of sins. Thus can the class '02 benefit mankind, physically,

mentally and spiritually. That is our mission. Let us ponder over it and impress it deeply in our hearts. And then in the days to come when we shall return to Alma Mater to attend the graduation of our grandchildren and great-grandchildren we can look back upon our work and say heartily and truthfully, "It is good."

Now kind friends we have performed what was to us a sad duty. We go forth into the wide, wide world to fight the good fight—the fight of the brave. We ask of you all, your blessing and your prayers, that we may always conduct ourselves as staunch Catholic men, so that when we have accomplished our three score and ten and are lying upon a lowly couch, breathing in short, fitful gasps with no one but doctor, priest and Creator as companions we may then whisper a farewell, the last of our lives, with as much courage and hopefulness as we do to-day.

WILLIAM R. ARNOLD, '02..



## FULFILLING A PROMISE TO ST. ANTHONY.

As warbles to the morning-sky  
The lark in rapid flight,  
Upon her downy plumage glow  
The dewy drops of night.  
So do I lift my happy soul—  
Bedewed with grace divine  
Up to our great St. Anthony  
Who of his special patronage  
Has given me a sign.

I fled to him in time of need;  
Though weak "my" prayers were  
And full of faults, I hoped and laid  
All to St. Anthony's care.  
Well did the Saint dispose of it,  
He worked all unto good:  
Thro' him the choicest graces came;  
My heart and soul this Saint proclaim  
To learned and to rude.

O Christians, trust in Padua's Saint!  
When fondest hopes are crossed,  
When grief and anguish try the heart:  
When all your hope seems lost;  
Then whisper softly—full of hope—  
To great St. Anthony.  
He will obtain you graces rare,  
Will hear your earnest, pleading pray'r,  
And fill your soul with glee.

To thee I lift my feeble voice,  
Thou Father of the poor;  
In love and tender gratitude  
For my sick spirit's cure.  
From henceforth I will call on thee  
When sorrows rend my heart,  
When to my foes I'm given o'er  
And Hope seems gone forevermore,  
Thy blessings, then, impart!



### A LOST RACE.

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THE half mile had just been run, and that in the fastest time ever made on the Belmont track. The victorious sprinter, hoisted upon the shoulders of enthusiastic friends, was being paraded up and down. Men were yelling themselves hoarse; women were wildly clapping their hands and consequently many kid gloves suffered. A trap, drawn close to the starting wire, held an occupant who was gazing ruefully at a pair of gloves very much damaged by an indulgence of like treatment.

She turned to show them to her companion,—but he was gone. Looking over the crowd she saw him edging his way towards a closed coupe that had just dashed up to the track. He was a tall, muscular fellow of about twenty-one summers clad in a gray outing suit. As he approached the coupe his companion was musing to herself. “Well, that’s cool of Fred to go off in that fashion — he seems to be well acquainted though — who can they be? — he is shaking hands with that elderly gentleman — and the girl — blue dress and dark hair — why, the mean thing — he is, I just know he is, even if I can’t see their heads — oh! will he never let go her hand — he is actually pinning his colors on that blue dress — well, I’ll never go to another field-day as sure as my name is Carlton — I do hope he loses his old bicycle race.”

An expression came over the face and a light into the brown eyes that brooded ill for the object of these thoughts. The object was at that moment conversing like a talking machine. “Made up your mind at the last minute, eh! — why didn’t mother come? — no, you have not missed much,

second event just over — Dean won it and broke the record — seems like a year since I saw you — can't — I am in the mile race and have to go — see you afterwards — good bye," — and he made his way back to the trap.

The gong summoning the milers sounded and he quickened his pace. Reaching the trap, he drew a long crimson and white streamer, the 'Varsity colors, from his pocket and placed it on the seat. "Say, Elsie I will have to go now — on for the mile race you know; will you wear my colors and give me your best wishes?"

With flushed face and flashing eyes she turned to him. "No excuse needed, I am used to being left alone; I have my colors, and my best wishes are with Dick Heller." He was dumbfounded. The gong sounded again and he started on a run for the dressing room. Ten minutes later he appeared upon the track in a riding suit. He mounted his wheel with a very determined look and took his place. As he did so, a man with a big knot of blue tied to his wheel, came along side. Fred looked at him and said to himself, "Mr. Dick Heller, suppose; well, we shall see how much good her wishes do you — rather a dangerous looker though" — then he saw a maid standing in a trap waving a blue streamer and he remembered as a very fair, but also, a very angry maid.

A shot rang out and they were off. A cloud of dust hid them for a moment and then they were seen spinning down the track. The ground fairly flew beneath them and as they neared the grand stand, the blue knotted wheel in the lead with Fred a close second, cries of "Hurrah! for Dick, — Good boy, Fred, stay with him, urged them on. They flew past like a streak; eight humped, straining and struggling fellows. Fred was gaining and at the three quarter mark, could see the blue

knot over his shoulder. It vanished but he knew it was close. With bent head and every muscle strained to its utmost he was tearing along to victory, when a great shout from the spectators caused him to look up. His heart stood still. On the track, not fifty yards distant, stood a little child looking up at the judges stand. He threw all his strength into a back pedal movement; — the chain snapped — his wheel wobbled and he flew over the handle bars, lit on his hands and knees, grabbed the baby to his brest and crouched low upon the track. He saw something blue shoot past, then a great bump and — —.

He opened his eyes and saw a crowd had collected and heard someone say. "Here is your baby, Mr. Carlton, not even scratched." He was lifted by gentle hands and carried away, but he cared not whither, he was tired, so tired and ached all over. Then it grew dark.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

When he awoke, it was in a strange room and someone bending over him — brown eyes, he couldn't think, his head was so muddled, but surely he had seen that face before — — it can't be — — she was — —. "Fred, speak to me, — forgive me. Why didn't you say it was your sister?" He did not answer. — "Why —? O, well, for various reasons."

He was defeated, but was happy in his defeat.

GEORGE J. ARNOLD, '05.

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CLASS WORK.

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Musing over the beautiful painting of Ittensbach our attention is drawn peculiarly to that of the crucifixion.—Although the dimensions of this impressive scene end in the length and breath of the crucifix, its beauties are sublime and boundless.—In the background a light streak of evening sky edges the pinnacles of the Jewish temple, the symbol of the Old Law and the copula of the Praetorium, the symbol of idolatry. This light streak is, however, diminished by several blood-red clouds hovering over the guilty city. Above all this hangs a heavier veil of darker clouds. Yet the mournful darkness is again slightly dispelled by the main feature—our Divine Savior, bathed in a profusion of mellow light. A godlike expression emanates from his God-head. All features and muscular parts of his dignified form are expressed nobly and meekly not roughly and overdone as we sometimes find them with Michael Angelo and Rubens.—Only little streams of blood issue from Christ's hands and feet. The blood ebbing from the sacred side stains the pure-white linen around the loins sealing, as it were, Christ's innocence.—With this awful and sublime spectacle, surrounding nature sympathises also. The prevailing darkness expresses mourning. The shuddering earth is rent in grief. The splintered cedar bows its sorrowful head towards the cross and even the rocky cliffs, burst by the earthquake, in profound adoration bow towards their immolated God-Man.

E. F. '03.

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# THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

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Hurrah for July! We will now have a surfeit of picnics, trolly parties, ice-cream sodas and fire-crackers. Add to these a breezy novel or light essay, a clear Havana or a "Roudine" and the college lads happiness should be complete. But we are experienced in this matter of spending vacations and we will most likely return to our study hall next fall saying "What fools we mortals be"!

The commencement of 1902 derived its great charm and joyousness from the variety that distinguished it from all preceding commencements. Starting Saturday June 13 we played our Lowell game of ball; Sunday beheld an evening's performance for the Sisters exclusively. Monday was a day of histrionic triumphs, Tuesday gave birth to drills, poems, orations and valedictories. Wednesday and Thursday heard farewells, but most of all the cheer and shouts of "To Winamac or Bust". In religious circle ceremonies more solemn and impressive were conspicuous. A Baptism on Saturday June 13, First Holy Communions on Sunday and Holy Confirmation and High Mass Coram Episcopo, on Tuesday.

Such days serve as pleasant memories to the boys who will soon be known as the "old boys", and to those who return they are a stimulus to ambition for next year.

One of the most interesting and pretty sights was the drill given by the St. Paul's Cadets of Chicago, Ill., and the St. Joseph's Volunteers. We have now had the happiness to entertain two classes of boys from the "Windy city". The one — composed of College students from St. Vincent's, the other — composed of the working boys from St. Paul's parish.

We treated the cadets as we did the baseball team, trying to make them feel at home. Judging from the good cheer evident in the faces of them all, both during the day and at their departure, we are quite sure, their country-trip was one of delight and pleasure. We admired their uniforms and general equipments, which together with their excellent drilling on a strange campus called on our attention and amused the spectators. Despite the fact that they are young men who daily labor hard for a livelihood, they



showed those qualities, so preferable in young soldiers, which urged them on to present, with pluck and cheerfulness, a serial of well-executed movements before a large visiting crowd of educated men, and in the face of a student body to whom their comportment was an example and with whom they found entire appreciation. Their friend and champion, Rev. Geo. Heldman of St. Paul's, delivered a stirring address after the drill in which he uttered some genuinely beautiful, American thoughts. He took most emphatic and significant notice of the fact that one day "youths of mental and industrial pursuits were mingled together with absolutely no reserve of cheer and good-feeling." This social chasm was bridged over, he said, by the Catholic and American spirit of equality.

*The Collegian* takes advantage of this opportunity to extend congratulations to the St. Paul's Cadets for their work that day, and expresses the wish that their organization may prosper and prove a means of mental and physical development. Come again, boys! !

With the present issue the staff 1901-1902 put the finishing touch to their ten months' labors. At the outset we chose a motto, "Do all things for the glory of God and do them well," and it has been the secret of our success. I say *success*, because successful we have been. Invariably you read at the end of the year, of editors' complaints about scarcity of "copy" lack of enthusiasm, and a shirking of duty etc. The present editor however has quite a different tale to tell as a farewell shower. In spite of the fact that we added half a form to the Collegian and substituted single for double leads, thus increasing the Collegian's reading matter by sixteen pages — over former Collegians — in spite of this, there was

every month more "copy" than could be used. Another point, and one that accounts for our success, is, that every member of the staff shouldered his share of the burden. Those who will take time to notice will find that each member contributed, on an average, the same amount of copy. Then too we had unity of purpose, and harmony of spirit between the different departments. From the Rev. Director to the staff, from the staff to the publishers and printers, there seemed but one idea to circulate, i. e., to make each current number of the Collegian an improvement over its predecessor. True, we have made mistakes, and kind friends have not failed to point them out to us. We thank them for their interest, and ask them to continue their kind criticisms in future. The staff also wishes to thank the Rev. Moderator for his continual activity in guiding and directing our inexperience. Had it not been for his pruning we might in our enthusiasm have sown a field of weeds instead of grain. 'Tis now that the editor wishes to express his appreciation of the work done by the associate editors. They shouldered their burden like Trojans, and the satisfaction they feel, and the good done to themselves shall be their reward. To you who will be our successors we now give place, with heartiest wishes for your success. You shall hear from us wherever we may be and we shall criticize and praise your work honestly. Remember us kindly when you wield the pen that is now slipping from our fingers. Write your own thoughts and write them in your own style. Now we quit. We have been playing journalists for a few months, and just as a little lad making mud houses and sand hills learns to admire beautiful lines and designs and more than all learns patience and perseverance, so have we in our earnest little playing learned many things that will be stepping stones to success. My dear Collegian, de omnibus actum est! ! Fac ut valeas!

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Commencement, the day so much longed for by all the students, but especially by the graduates was held this year at St. Joseph's on June the 16, and 17. Taking everything in consideration this year's celebration eclipses any previous one in the history of Alma-Mater. The weather was delightful, the number of visitors large, and the exercises fully up to the high standard of excellence maintained at St. Joseph's. A noteworthy feature of this year's Commencement was the large number of Alumni in attendance, especially among the clergy. The authorities and professors of the college are just beginning to reap the fruits of their early labors, and surely the many young priests of the classes of '96 and '97 that were present at our closing exercises this year must have been a source of much satisfaction and encouragement to the zealous fathers of the Most Precious Blood. This year St. Joseph's graduated a very able class, and we have no doubt that they are well prepared to fight the battle of life in such a way that they will always reflect great credit upon this institution from which they went forth.



On Monday, June the 16th, most of our visitors arrived and after the 6:30 train had come in, the college was filled with the largest commencement crowd in its history.

The program for commencement eve, June the 16th. was opened with a selection by the band, under the direction of Prof. B. Dentinger. The piece called forth great applause from the audience. Then followed the rendition of "The Druid's Ambition" by the Columbian Literary Society. As a critique of this drama was published in *The Collegian* when the play was given for the first time, it would be unnecessary to criticise its presentation any further, but suffice it to say that its rendition on commencement eve was a great improvement over the first one, and the visitors left the auditorium that evening filled with sentiments of admiration and gratitude for the participants who showed so much dramatic ability in bringing out the intricate plot that is contained in this drama.

The program on commencement morning, June the 17th, was opened with divine service at 8:30 A.M. Solemn High Mass (coram episcopo) was celebrated by Rev. Basil Didier, '96, Rev. James Connelly '97, assisted as deacon, Rev. Ignatius Zircher. '96, as subdeacon, and Rev. James B. Fitzpatrick, '96, as master of ceremonies.

It was, indeed, an edifying sight to witness such solemn service conducted by loyal sons of Alma Mater within the sacred walls where they learned their early lessons of piety and knowledge.

The choir, under the able direction of Rev. Justin Henkel, added greatly to the solemnity of the occasion by singing during the Mass some very fine selections of genuine church music.

After Mass the Rt. Rev. Bishop Alerding of Ft. Wayne, addressed the congregation in a forcible and practical sermon on the necessity and

dignity of the sacrament of confirmation. He reminded the young men of their duty as Catholics, and said that if their conduct through life was always as upright and pure as it was on the day of their reception of the sacrament of confirmation, then he could assure them a happy eternity. The Bishop having administered the sacrament of confirmation to the large class to be confirmed, the exercises in Chapel closed with a hymn by the choir.

At 11 A.M. the college band and the St. Joseph's Volunteers went to meet Rev. Geo. D. Heldman of Chicago, and the military company from his parish, The St. Paul's Cadets. Arriving at the college they were given a hearty welcome by the inmates and visitors of St. Joseph's. They were served dinner at noon in the students dining hall, the officers of the St. Joseph's Volunteers acting in the capacity of waiters.

At 1:30 P.M. all the guests and inmates of the college wended their way to the campus where the St. Paul's Cadets and the St. Joseph's Volunteers were to give exhibition drills. The Rensselaer people were out in large numbers and the young soldiers certainly had a fine audience to admire and applaud their manoeuvres. The St. Paul's Cadets gave a very creditable exhibition consisting mostly of marching, movements in threes, and fours, and platoons. They kept very good step and executed the flank and oblique movements with ease and precision. The Cadets having finished their drills the St. Joseph's Volunteers proceeded to give the spectators a genuine treat in military display. They gave a splendid exhibition of fancy and regulation marching and gun movements. After witnessing this drill by our company it was the consensus of opinion at the college that no military organization in the history of the



military at St. Joseph's has ever given a finer or more perfect drill than that presented by the St. Joseph's Volunteers. Although the company was organized only about two months ago, still it was made up of the right material, of young men who spared no efforts to bring it to a very high rank as a military organization. All honor to the St. Joseph's Volunteers and to their able and untiring leader, Capt. Werling.

The attention of the assembled crowd was now turned to the speaker's stand. Our Chaplain, Rev. Liberat Schupp introduced the orator of the day, Rev. Geo. D. Heldman, Rector of St. Paul's Chicago, Ill. As father Heldman faced his audience he was greeted with a hearty applause. His reputation as an eloquent speaker is very extensive, and his remarks on this occasion were in keeping with his well known oratorical abilities. The Rev. Gentleman gave a masterly address on "Patriotism". In glowing terms he depicted the glories of the United States and the dignity of an American citizen. He pointed with pride to the noble part the Catholic people have taken in the affairs of this great nation, and he victoriously refuted the absurd declaration that "Catholics are not loyal and patriotic Americans". The Rev. Speaker thanked Father Benedict, the Rector, for having permitted him to bring the young men of his parish, the St. Paul's Cadets, to visit St. Joseph's, and he closed his address with three cheers for the American flag.

During the drills by the military companies the college band interspersed pleasing compositions from favorite authors. The program arranged by Prof. Dentinger was of a high order and the band received many flattering compliments for the excellent manner in which they rendered the various selections.



The graduation exercises were held in the College auditorium at 8:30 P.M. The college band began the exercises with a well chosen selection. Mr. John F. Lemper then advanced and gave his well written salutatory with earnestness and dignity. He was followed by Mr. Henry B. Froning, whose thoughtful class essay on "Duty" was read with selfpossession and in a clear and well articulated voice. The class poem, by Mr. Sebastian J. Kremer, was one of remarkably fine thought and easy flow of rhythm, and it was recited with candor and sincerity. Mr. Meinrad B. Koester had the class oration. His composition was masterly and his diction choice and elegant. His delivery was animated and well sustained throughout the entire production. The valedictory, by Mr. William R. Arnold, was a gem of its kind. It was written in a clear simple and concise style, and was delivered with an ease and pathos that could not fail to make a deep impression upon the audience.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop then distributed the diplomas and medals to the graduates. The prolonged applause with which each graduate was greeted as he stepped forward to receive the reward of several years diligent study, fully shows how popular the class of 1902 has been among the students and the professors of St. Joseph's.

After the degrees had been conferred and the medals awarded, The Rt. Rev. Bishop Alerding addressed the audience in words that teemed with eloquence, zeal and sincerity. He spoke words of kindly counsel and encouragement to the graduates and expressed it as his opinion that, from what he had observed during the commencement days the much desired goal of success would be reached by the class of 1902. He paid a high tribute to the ward of Alma Mater as an educational

factor and expressed the desire that St. Joseph's may continue to grow until it has become one of the foremost Catholic institutions of learning in this country. After a song by the college choir, the audience dispersed and another Commencement had gone into the history of St. Joseph's College.

All in all the seventh annual Commencement was the most elaborate and successful one in the history of our loved institution. Never before was there so much variety in the various exercises and ceremonies, and never did we entertain a larger or better pleased crowd than that in attendance this year. We hope and trust that we may be able to celebrate many more Commencements like to the one just passed, and we take this opportunity to extend our sincere thanks to all guests and inmates of the college during the days, and we assure them that their presence was an inspiration for all the participants in the various exercises, contributed not a little to the highly satisfactory consummation of a most successful year at St. Joseph's.

E. A. WILLS, '03.

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### EXCURSION TO WINAMAC.

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In response to a kind invitation from Rev. Leopold Linder C. PP. S. and the people of Winamac, Ind. St. Joseph's Volunteers accompanied by the military band went to the latter place the day after Commencement for a second rendition of the drama "The Confederate Spy". At Remington, where Father Berg had shown his generosity in serving refreshments, we boarded the train for our destination. Shortly after the arrival about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the company preceded

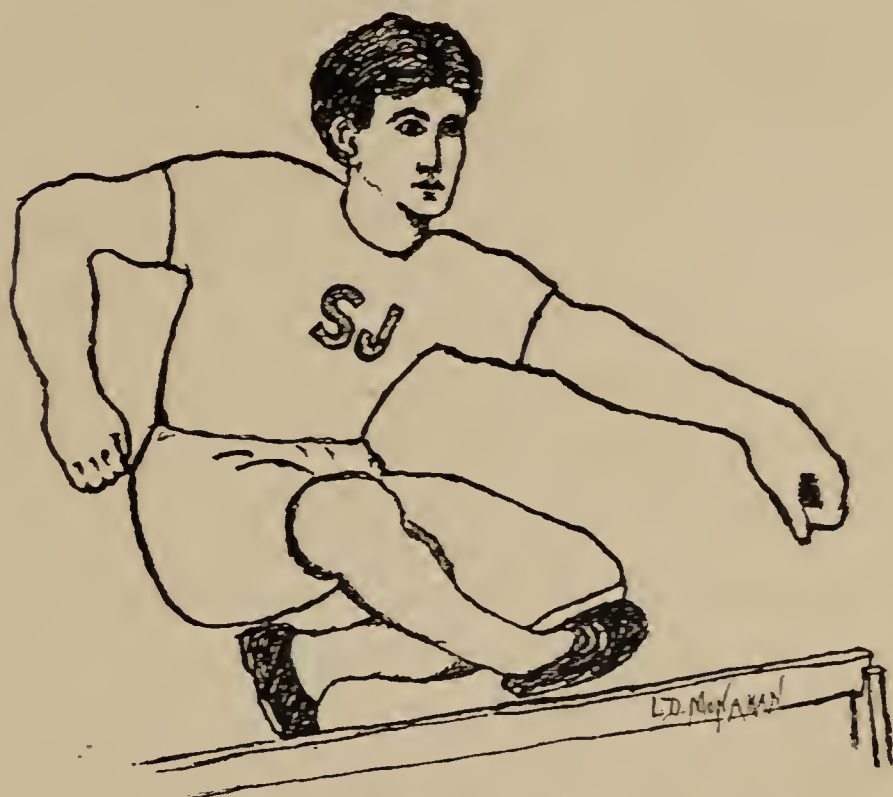
by the band paraded to the fair ground. There a base-ball team selected from the band members crossed bat with the boys of Winamac in friendly contest. As the Commencement exercises were already over St. Joseph's could not oppose her representative team, since most of the members of that team had returned to their dear ones at home. Lack of team practice,, and the fatigue felt after the Commencement exercises made the result, a defeat of our team, no serious disappointment.

In the evening an unusually large audience assembled in Vurpilat's hall to witness the play. The enthusiastic applause throughout the entire performance gave evidence of the general satisfaction and delight. The star of the evening was beyond doubt Mr. Huelsman, impersonating Sockery Scheidelbecker. The dry seriousness that accompanied his ludicrous appearance and actions rendered him the laughing stock of his hearers. Mr. Smith' too, as an Irishman, roused the risible muscles to unusual activity. Justice to the players would, indeed, require to sound the praises of every participant, and Mr. Werling, the captain of the Volunteers, as well as Mr. Ehleringer, the director of the play, have every reason to be proud of their success.

The students in groups from two to six obtained lodging with families of Father Leopold's parish. There they met a truly cordial welcome and most royal treatment. A contention in which each party maintained to have been favored above the rest is the best proof of the hearty reception accorded to us all. Our deepest sentiments of gratitude to Father Leopold, to the kind sisters, and to all families who have been so good to us. The happy hours enjoyed through Catholic hospitality during our stay at Winamac will long linger in our memories.

S. Hartman '02.





# ATHLETICS

On Friday June 6th., our friendly rivals, the Lowell base ball team came to Rensselaer to battle on the diamond with the representative of S. J. C. Lowell had an aggregation of ball players who were capable of putting up a fast article of base ball, and it was evident from the start that the game would be a close and exciting one. And so it really happened. The score was rip and tuck all during the contest, and S. J. C. was not certain of victory until Braun stopped a hot grounder and threw the runner out at first, thereby making the third out, and preventing a Lowell man on third from scoring.

VanFlandern was in the box for S. J. C. and as usual pitched a good game. Twice with no one out and two men on bases he retired the side without a run. Lynch did the twirling for Lowell, and while the S. J. C. boys hit him rather hard at

times, he used excellent judgment in his work and was particularly effective when men were on bases. Gragg, formerly of the Kansas City league team, was on first for Lowell. When Lowell played St. Joseph's five years ago, Gragg pitched against us, and many of the "old boys" will remember how he led the representative of the year '97 down with a few measly hits. But like many other ball players Gragg has seen his best days on the diamond, still he makes a very good first baseman, and by his antics makes the game enjoyable for the "fans." The best work in the out-field seen here in many a day was done by Calhins, who played left field for Lowell. By desperate sprints he robbed Stoltz and Welsh of what would have been home runs. The final score of the game was 5 to 4 in St. Joseph's favor. The score:

S. J. C.— 1 1 0 0 0 2 1 0 0—5

Lowell — 2 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0—4

Two base hit—Arnold, Welsh, Wood. Bases on balls—off VanFlandern, 2; off Lynch, 1. Struck out—by VanFlandern, 14; by Lynch, 7. Hits—off VanFlandern, 6; off Lynch, 13. Time of game—1:35. Umpire—Marshall.

A day that will not be soon forgotten by the students of St. Joseph's is Saturday, June 14th. 1902. For on that day the representative team and the college band, making in all a party of thirty, went to the thriving and hospitable little town of Lowell to play a return game of base ball with the team of that town. The boys had just finished their semi-annual examinations the day previous, and naturally they were in a jubilant and happy mood. While in the town we were quartered at the Schmaul Hotel, and we feel greatly indebted to the genial proprietor for the many courtesies he showed us during our stay at his place.

Because of the close score of the last game between the two teams, it was confidently expected that the second contest would be fully as exciting as the first. But owing to the fact that the Lowell players got a bad case of rattles on their own grounds, the game was a rather one sided exhibition. S. J. C. scored most of their runs in the first four innings. Hits by Wachendorfer and Arnold, combined with a sacrifice by Wessel and two errors by Lowell players gave them three in the first. St. Joseph's made three more in the second on hits by Hoerstman and Stoltz, Bach's sacrifice, and two errors by Lynch. Singles by Welsh, Hoerstman, and Bach gave the college boys a run in the third. In the fourth, Wessel hit safely and came home on a sacrifice and a long fly to the outfield. Gragg now relieved Lynch on the slab, and the "Old Boss" pitched very well. He allowed but three runs off his delivery during the rest of the game.

Lowell was powerless before the swift shoots of VanFlandern. Only four hits were made off his delivery, and two of these were of the scratch order. Their only run was secured in the seventh inning. Lynch singled. Wood flew out to Welsh. Lynch stole second. Nicols hit to VanFlandern, who threw to third to catch Lynch, but the runner was safe. Sanger was hit by a pitched ball. Calhins went out on a fly to VanFlandern. Hepp hit safely over third, scoring Lynch. Nichols attempted to score on this hit but was thrown out at home by Hoerstman. This was the only score that Lowell could make, as VanFlandern was invincible during the rest of the game, and his team-mates supported him perfectly. Stoltz and Welsh were the stars in fielding for S. J. C. The score at the end of the game was: S. J. C., 11; Lowell, 1.

The management of the team and the people



of Lowell in general gave the boys that generous, kind, and courteous treatment which we have always received whenever we visited them, and we assure them that we fully appreciate their efforts in our behalf. The score:

S. J. C.— 3 3 1 1 0 0 2 1 0—11

Lowell — 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—1

Two base hit—Arnold. Hit by pitched ball—by VanFlandern, 1. Hits off VanFlandern, 4; off Lynch, 6; off Gragg, 2. Struck out—by VanFlandern, 12; by Lynch, 5; by Gragg, 5. Time of game—1:30. Umpire—George Arnold.

#### SPORTING NOTES.

The Victors won a well played game of base ball from the St. Xavier second team on Sunday June 8th. In the absence of Hildebrand, Fisher pitched the entire game. He allowed but few hits and gives promise of future success in that position. Bremerkamp assisted Fisher greatly by his good catching. The score of the game was: Victors, 7; St. Xaviers, 6.

Attorney Honan, of Rensselaer, is the star rooter for S. J. C. He did more than his share in helping the boys to win from Lowell when they were at Rensselaer.

The band boys made a great hit at Lowell by their fine playing. They certainly added much to the enjoyment of the trip.

On commencement afternoon the Victors played a game of base ball with a picked team from the St. Paul's Cadets, of Chicago. It was a magnificent contest, the best played on the college diamond this season. Both pitchers were in great form, Hildebrand, of the Victors, having a shade the better of the argument. V. Sibold and M. Shea did very brilliant fielding for the Victors. The game was called at the close of the fifth inning

to allow the visitors to make the train. The result was 1 to 0 in the Victors favor.

Taking a retrospective glance at the work of our men on the diamond this year, it is obvious that St. Joseph's has every reason to feel proud over the accomplishments of her representative team. We began playing under adverse circumstances and lost the first two games. At this time there were few who held out to us high hopes for the future success of the team. But our men were not to be discouraged. They played hard to win and were oblivious to the sharp criticisms passed upon their work, and as a result of their persevering efforts, they won the last three games on their schedule by decisive scores, thereby closing the season on the winning side, having won three out of the five games played this spring. Besides it must be a source of much satisfaction to the Faculty of the college to know that our men made a good impression wherever they went and that visiting teams went away highly pleased with the treatment they received at St. Joseph's. This state of affairs cannot fail to be of much good to Alma Mater, and future years will vouch for the truth of this assertion. It is to be hoped that the good work of the base ball team will not be lost sight of, but that the success of the S. J. C. representative team of 1902 may serve as an impetus for strenuous efforts in coming years to make St. Joseph's an important factor in base ball among the colleges in this country.

E. A. WILLS, '03.



### PERSONALS.

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The following of the Reverend Clergy honored us on our seventh annual Commencement by their most welcomed presence.

Rt. Rev. H. J. Alerding, D. D., Ft. Wayne, Ind. The Very Rev. and Rev. Fathers C. Ganzer, Kentland, Ind., Chas. H. Thiele Whiting, Ind., C. Guendling, Lafayette, Ind., J. Seimetz, Peru, Ind., J. Berg, Remington, Ind., F. Jansen, Frankfort, Ind., F. Haase, O. F. M., Indianapolis, Ind., J. Connelly, Logansport, Ind., L. Linder, C. PP. S., Winamac, Ind., F. Koenig, Lowell, Ind., P. Budnick, Whiting, Ind., A. Young, Garrett, Ind., M. Zumbuelte, Hanover Center, Ind., G. Schramm, La Porte, Ind., P. A. Kahelleck, Hammond, Ind., G. Horstman, Reynolds, Ind., C. E. McCabe, Ottenbein, Ind., A. Grussi, C. PP. S., Ft. Wayne, Ind., J. A. Oechtering, Ft. Wayne, Ind., A. Oechtering, Mishawaka, Ind., J. Walsh, Logansport, Ind., M. Ford, Grass Creek, Ind., G. Schlachter, C. PP. S., Ft. Wayne, Ind., G. Zern, St. Anthony, Ind., H. Kroll, Ft. Wayne, Ind., J. Fitzpatrick, Ft. Wayne, Ind., M. J. Byrnes, Lafayette, Ind., H. Plaster, Hammond, Ind., Jno. Dempsey, Crawfordsville, Ind., Bede Oldegeering, O. F. M., Lafayette, Ind., Jno. Bleckman, Michigan City, Ind., Wm. Berg. Schererville, Ind., F. C. Wiechman, Gas City, Jno. Schmitt, Muncie, Ind., Richard Wurth, O. F. M., Lafayette, Ind., E. J. Boccard, Delphi, Ind., I. F. Zircher, Huntington, Ind., M. Dentinger, C. PP. S., Pulaski, Ind., Th. Wilken, Decatur, Ind., B. Dickman, C. PP. S., Fort Recovery, O., M. Waltz, C. PP. S., St. Anthony, O., A. Gietl, C. PP. S., Ottawa, O., J. Uber, C. PP. S., Carthagen, O., D. Schweitzer, C. PP. S., Burkettsville, O., M. Muehe, C. PP. S., McCarthyville,



O., B. Didier, C. PP. S., Sebastian, O., B. Besinger, C. PP. S., Philothea, O., F. Schalk, C. PP. S., Collegeville, Ind., Thos. Meyer, C. PP. S., Rensselear, Ind., F. Schalk, C. PP. S., New Ulm, Minn., F. Schneider, C. PP. S., San Antonio Texas, J. Wakefer, Lafayette, Ind., and R. J. Pratt, Wabash, Ind.

The following laity attended the commencement exercises.

Mr. and Mrs. Helmig, and Mr. Chas. Lang, of Peru, Ind. Mrs. Naughton, Miss M. Naughton, and Miss Mallon, of Indianapolis, Ind. Mr. and Mrs. W. Sullivan, D. Delaney, Mrs. K. Lapple, Miss K. Hildebran, Mrs. A. Hauk and daughter, of Delphi, Ind. Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Arnold and daughter Miss Katherine, Mrs. Hanley and son Frank, the Misses Hope and Kenedy and Messrs. L. Hope and Monak, of Muncie, Ind. Messrs. H. B. Robison, Jno. Reifers and H. Schmitz, of Lafayette, Ind. Master H. Fry and H. Laury, of Ft. Wayne, Ind. Misses C. Berkely and F. Burke, of Lowell, Ind. Mr. and Mrs. J. Stoltz, Huntington, Ind. Mr. E. Werling and Mrs. Buchman, of Tiffin, O. Mr. J. Vurpulat, Winamac, Ind. Master A. Junk, of Chicago, Ill. Mr. J. H. Cook and daughter Miss Mary, and Mr. Geo. Eder, of Crown Point, Ind. Messrs. Kammer, Joe. and N. Keilman, of St. John, Ind. Mrs. Wellman, Padua, O. Misses Mason and Weis, of Hammond, Ind. Miss C. Schmitt, of Reynolds, Ind. Miss T. Zern, of St. Anthony, Ind. Miss K. Bleckman, Michigan City, Ind. Mr. B. Horstman, Mishawaka, Ind. Mr. J. Kremer, of Maria Stein, O. Mrs. E. Zimmerman, of Cincinnati, O. Mr. and Mrs. J. Gier, Chickasaw, O. Mrs. J. Hamburger, of Celina, O. Mrs. Kemper, Covington, Ky. Messrs. H. Anthony and Jno. Boeke, of Cassella, O. Mr. Jno. Seitz, of St. Joseph, O. Mr. H. Reichert, of Sebastian, O. Mr. Mader, of St. Henry, O. Miss Remaklas, of

Ft. Recovery, O. Miss M. Wessel, of Ft. Wayne, Ind. Mrs. P. T. Welsh, and daughter Miss M. Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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### CARD OF THANKS.

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The C.L.S., wishes to express sincerest thanks to Rev. Mark Hamburger who at the beginning of the scholastic year acceded to the arduous task of moderator, and through great devotedness to duty and ready sacrifice of self has advanced the standing of the society to a degree of prominence of which it has at no time before had more reason to boast. Again thanks to his willingness and courage; thanks to his kindness.

Many and sincere thanks are likewise herewith extended to Rev. J. Henkel and Prof. B. Dentinger, directors respectively of vocal and instrumental music for the deep interest they have taken in society affairs. By their kindness and successful endeavors the various renditions of the society have been so flavored and colored as even to satisfy the most demanding expectations. Of your pleasing assistance the C. L. S. will preserve a memory and for your acceptable services they again express fullest thanks.

The C. L. S. wishes to express its thanks to the Rev. Fathers Fridolin Schneider and Frank Schalk, for their beautiful donations to the Society's museum. The C. L. S's. Collection of curiosities is ever increasing and further donations are kindly solicited.

C. L. S.

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REV. HENRY MEISSNER,

LATE PASTOR OF PERU, IND.

(died July 2nd, 1902.)

R. I. P.

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OBITUARY.

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It is a sad story and only too true that death will ever and again sever the affectionate hand of friendship and leave us in bereavement to mourn our loss. We realized this in the keenest manner upon the demise of our deeply loved friend and benefactor, the Rev. Henry Meissner, pastor of St. Charles Borromeo Church, at Peru, Ind. Since the origin of St. Joseph's, Father Meissner was its steadfast friend and has left nothing undone to be of service. He will continue to live long in our memory by his kindness, his lectures and retreats; whereas the prosperous condition of his parish at Peru, the good Catholic spirit that pervades its people, give ample testimony of his zealous apostolic labors. To his parishioners his death is certainly an entire regret, and St. Joseph's extends sincere condolence. Father Meissner departed this world on July 2nd, 1902, at the age of 60 years. In our prayers he will ever share our memory as our lives shall share in his noble example.

On the 15th of June was called to his reward our former fellow-student and class-mate Charles E. Crusey from Sidney, Ohio. He attended St. Joseph's during the scholastic year 1896-97. We have always cherished a kind remembrance for him, because during his stay in our midst he shone by his edifying conduct and unwearied application to studies. For several years he has been successful as a pharmacist. He entered the married state on January 21, of the present year. His abilities and general popularity opened prospects of a happy future. But an all-wise Providence was pleased to take him from this world at the commencement of his career. We wish to extend our heartfelt sentiments of condolence to his bereaved widow and parents. Let us not neglect to assist our beloved associate with our prayers!

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MEMORIAL VERSES.

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IN MEMORY OF CHARLES E. CRUSEY.

As falls the chilling Winter's blast  
The leafless trees among,  
So sing our heart-throbs soft and fast  
For him this solemn song.  
Cold in his shroud our comrade lies,  
His eyes sleep quenched in gloom;  
No thrilling tears, no burning sighs  
Could wake them from their tomb.



Pure was his heart as ocean's tide,  
He loved the good and brave,  
And yearned with all the patriot's pride  
To free sin's fettered slave.  
Not with a weak and trembling hand,  
But spirits warm and bold,  
The fame and deeds of College land  
Our soul-filled comrade told.

Soft, sweet in strains of minstrelsy,  
Let memory's songs be sung;  
As Summer's streams flow to the sea  
They ripple from our tongue.  
Sweet, soft and pure as heaven's dew  
Let prayers swell strong our heart,  
Where love and friendship brighter grew,  
Taught by God's wondrous art.

His voice is hushed — its chords are still —  
His life has passed away.  
Not e'en one witching tone could thrill  
His lifeless heart of clay.  
But long as memory's golden chain  
Around our hearts is cast,  
While valor, love and truth remain  
Our classmate's name shall last.

Rest on, in peace; thy toil is done,  
Thy race on earth is o'er:  
For thee the glorious righteous Sun  
Shines on the heavenly shore.  
And though we miss thy gentle love  
Which beamed so warm and bright,  
We trust thy spirit dwells above  
In God's eternal light.

A CLASSMATE.

Huntington, Ind., June 21st, '02.      REV. I. F. ZIRCHER.

R. I. P.







## CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

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The Degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred  
upon

WILLIAM R. ARNOLD,  
RUDOLPH P. SAOLTZ,  
MEINRAD B. KOESTER,  
SYLVESTER J. HARTMAM,  
SEBASTIAN J. KREMER,

Certificates for the successful completion of the  
Normal Course were awarded to

HENRY B. FRONING,  
ANTHONY H. KNAPKE,  
FRED. W. BOEKE,  
FERDINAND H. MADER,  
BERNARD HUELSMAN,  
AUGUST H. BERNARD,

Certificates for the successful completion of the  
Commercial Course were awarded to

JOHN H. LEMPER  
CHARLES W. SIBOLD,  
JOSEPH A. NAUGHTON,  
JOHN F. SULLIVAN,  
WILLIAM A. HANLEY,  
CLARANCE F. HOLTHOUSE.





### AWARDING OF MEDALS.

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The Gold Medal for the Best Written Examination  
in Religion was awarded to  
WILLIAM R. ARNOLD.

Donor: Very Rev. John R. Dinnen, Lafayette, Ind.

Next in Merit:

SYLVESTER J. HARTMAN,  
WILLIAM A. HANLEY.

The Gold Medal for the highest honors in the Nor-  
mal Department was awarded to  
HENRY B. FRONING.

Donor: Hon. F. V. Faulhaber, Cleveland, O.

Next in Merit:

ANTHONY H. KNAPKE,  
FRED. W. BOEKE.

The Gold Medal for highest honors in the Com-  
mercial Department was awarded to  
JOHN H. LEMPER.

Donor: Hon. T. M. McCoy, Rensselaer, Ind.

Next in Merit:

CLARENCE F. HOLTHOUSE,  
WILLIAM A. HANLEY.





## CLASS OF 1902.

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WILLIAM R. ARNOLD,  
RUDOLPH P. STOLTZ,  
MEINRAD B. KOESTER,  
SYLVESTER J. HARTMAN,  
SEBASTIAN J. KREMER,  
HENRY B. FRONING,  
ANTHONY H. KNAPKE,  
FRRD. W. BOEKE,  
FERDINAND H. MADER,  
BERNARD HUELSMAN,  
AUGUST H. BERNARD,  
MATTHEW SCHUMACHER,  
JOHN H. LEMPER,  
CLARENCE F. HOLTHAUSE,  
WILLIAM A. HANLEY,  
JOHN F. SULLIVAN,  
CHARLES W. SIBOLD,  
JOSEPH A. NAUGHTON,  
JOHN HILDEBRAN,  
JOHN JONES.





## LOCALS.

“Dic(k) cur, hic.” So thinks George Arnold and for this reason the horse must go.

Remigeus: Who got knocked out of wind?

Isaac:—Nobody, they are just pumping up a wheel.

Jones:—Why is a stingy man the bravest in the world?

Frieburger:—Because he gives no *quarters*.

Alfred to Amelius:—How do you choose that I should shave you? Amelius:—Without opening *your* lips.

In playing ball,  
Wessel does the swinging  
Koenig finishes the inning  
Remig does the pitching  
Braun finishes by switching  
Bach does the batting  
Schaeffer finishes by catching  
“Dally” does the scoring  
Rooters finish by roaring.

Scientists of Collegeville have been searching during the last few months for the renowned third base-ball team. As yet thy have been fruitless in their search.

Every man's an automobile.  
He guides himself wherever he will  
Now speedy over life's easy trail,  
Now slowly and tardy like a snail,  
Yes, ever'y man's an automobile!  
What if another one did fill  
With new supply of strength and force  
This “Automobile,” self-running horse.  
No, man is not strictly an automobile  
For God ever moved him, is moving him still.  
When man now becomes an “automobile”  
Then God does permit him to run down the “hill”  
'Where down over, he'll never ascend it again;  
This is the fate of our “automobile” men.

Buchman:—Say Cooney how did you like Maud in the “Confederate Spy”?

Cooney:—She was all right. I wonder who it was.

Buchman: It was John O'Donnell.

The St. Aquino Team.—A Rime by a Junior.

Our old stand-by Trap fills the box this year,  
For the pitching he does, we certainly ought to cheer;  
He sends the balls a humming, for they curve to a T.  
Flossie says “it’s too much exertion, but it’s immaterial  
to me.”

On first is Capt. Wessel, who shows us all  
How in times gone by, he used to play ball.  
Braun for his first time on second does play,  
Good work does he. and Capt. says he’ll stay.

Short-stop glitters with “Shine,” a lengthy lad  
And the work he does is certainly not so bad,  
Bach in center field, and swell does he do  
He is the guy who last year filled base No. 2.

Third is covered by Paul, a gent from Fort Wayne;  
No better could be done when he gets in the game.  
Halpin our right fielder shows himself among the rest  
For the fielding he does is certainly with the best.

Out in left field is little chopped off “Mish”?  
That he can fill his position is his ardent wish.  
Next courses a sport who is no longer a scrub,  
His foundation is shaky, his name is “Manager Tub.”



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